

LEFT SIDE

Leave it to the military to go all out in its defense of the capitalist class, even if it's a matter of keeping scab grapes from rotting in warehouses. The Defense Department owns up to shipping eight times more grapes to the boys in Vietnam than in any previous year. If you can't get scabs any other way, the Army will be glad to furnish a captive clientele. The tactics may vary a bit from the old days, but the Army is still up to its strike-breaking tactics.



And those of you on the home front, remember it's much nicer to buy your groceries from the stores that don't stock up on California grapes; but if you have to walk too far to find such a store, just remember that fruit has a tendency to spoil if handled too much. Don't squeeze the watermelons!

Greece in these past two years has become another Spain, if not more so—what with tortures, beatings, and intimidation of anyone with unionist tendencies. There's some more of your withholding taxes at work for you, Fellow Workers!

A dirty old dentist in the Chicago suburb of Palos Heights (in case you're thinking of putting distance between yourselves and the inner-city ghettos) has just gotten his derriere into a peck of trouble. It seems while his lady patients were under anesthesia, he was having a ball with them sans their consent. The employing class has been doing that with us workers since time immemorial, and they haven't as yet gotten into any serious trouble. Someone's slipping up!

J. Edgar says that the most serious threat to America today is the Black Panthers. Whatever happened to the Cosa Nost' and all those cats? Not to mention the profit system that every day bleeds the people dry and rapes this bountiful land's resources. Leave it to a dirty old gossip to talk about someone else's foibles in order to cover up her own rotten shenanigans.

Where was J. Edgar when the railroad was rolling so much poison gas through the Chicago area that an accident could have done about as thorough a job as was done on Hiroshima? Stop looking for Black Panthers under your bed, J. Edgar, and I might stop looking for J. Edgars under mine.

Someone has suggested that if Congress should pass a bill permitting 70-foot-long

(continued on Page 6)



**BOYCOTT
GRAPES**



LABOR PRODUCES ALL WEALTH
ORGANIZATION EDUCATION EMANCIPATION
ALL WEALTH MUST GO TO LABOR

Industrial Worker

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

VOLUME 66, NUMBER 9 — W. N. 1278

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS SEPTEMBER 1969

10 CENTS

BRITISH STEELWORKERS ON MOVE

WORKERS
OF THE
WORLD

— PAY UP !!

APOLLO-POFF ...

-ESCARSHOT

SHOW
SOLIDARITY!

(special to Industrial Worker)

Since early July, 1300 blast furnacemen at the Fort Talbot steel plant of the state-owned British Steel Corporation have been on strike in support of 140 low-paid workers who have had a one-pound-per-week pay raise withheld by the company management.

The combined opposition of government, TUC, mass media, and their "own" union executive has not undermined the militancy of these British steelworkers.

A recent government inquiry resulted in a predictable call to return to work.

The craven attitude of the Blastfurnacemen's Union exec has led to a broad-based call for a break-away union. Jim Barry, secretary of the Union, could only find "sympathy" for his members' demands. You can't live on sympathy!

This is the first time during the present militant wave in Britain that serious thought has been engendered about the structure and aims of Britain's unions.

The call for a break-away union is a despairing move in the wilderness of craft unionism. The only lasting solution to the "strike problem" is workers' control, and the way to get this is through rank and file controlled Industrial Unionism. The embryo British IWW exists because the need for scientific industrial unionism can no longer be ignored!

Colin Beadle, IWW
London Headquarters
August 13, 1969

WAKE UP!

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO OUR BIOSPHERE !?

The biosphere is that bit of Earth's depth, surface, and envelope that supports life. It is a place where what happens to one thing alters conditions for other things, where man's efforts to turn things to his purposes can have many unintended consequences.

One basic reaction is that we animals give off carbon dioxide from the starches and sugars we eat; and we people add substantially to the supply of carbon particles, carbon monoxide, and carbon dioxide by burning wood or fossil fuels as oil or coal or gas. The plants use the carbon dioxide to build the food the creatures eat, and so it might go on and on. But if we cut down on green foliage and increase our

pollution, we create a situation where the plant life cannot absorb all the pollution. Worse yet, as has been noted in Chicago, the leaves on trees that perform a large part of this job drop very early in the season because the pollutants, large sulfur compounds, make the leaves drop, with the result that the trees can convert fewer carbon products into something pleasant. Meanwhile to the ocean enough DDT and other water-borne pollution has gone to cut down the plankton, the minute organisms that carry on this cycle over the vast expanses of the sea.

Recent disclosures of American operations with poison gas and the problem of how to dispose of obsolete

stocks (What have they now?) indicate much serious and undisclosed pollution. The practice seems to be to bury it in the sea—but what container lasts forever? In 1930 the Swedish gold-mining company Boliden dumped 7,000 tons of arsenic into the Gulf of Bothnia in large concrete boxes, three times enough to kill everyone on Earth. The beautiful Rhine was filled with dead fish this summer. California, which has banned DDT after next January, fears householders may create a very serious problem if they dump it into sewers or put it into the garbage, and urges holding cans containing DDT for special pickup by destruction crews. England recently

inspected an island it infected with anthrax for a germ warfare test in World War II; it is still infected and uninhabitable.

Have the wrong folks, moved by the wrong motives, been making the wrong decisions?

IWW

Industrial

Worker

World Labor News

DON'T BUY CALIFORNIA GRAPES

editorial

Conservation Is OUR Concern!

Elsewhere in this paper is mentioned the shipment of a trainload of poison gas through a metropolitan area with complete disregard for the consequences of an unforeseen mishap. Air pollution in the cities and industrial pollution of the country's waterways are now well-known facts to everyone. In countries far less industrialized than this one, treasured monuments, edifices, and artifacts that have withstood the rigors of centuries and even milleniums are now beginning to deteriorate from the industrial wastes that permeate the atmosphere.

There are varied comments on this situation—from those who shrug their shoulders and say you can't fight progress to those who feel that the ingenuity of capitalism will bridge that problem as it has all others. Still others will tell you that the answer to all problems is to check the population explosion.

Historically, crises have been resolved one way or the other by the very pressure of the crises themselves. There is no reason to expect that it will be any different with this current problem, assuming that there are no readers here who are expecting some miraculous Armageddon or some outer-space messiah who will show us Earth-bound creatures the error of our ways. Believe it or not, there are still too many people who are still waiting for some savior to come down from his high perch and solve the World's problems, whether he be in the guise of a beaming executive spouting the glories of free enterprise or some Chairman Meow spewing quotations

about party discipline being the answer to all problems.

We do know that no matter how bad this World gets loused up, those in power will manage to have the most-livable area corralled off for themselves and continue to exploit what's left of humanity. If a good indication of this is wanted, let any working stiff try to get a home for himself and family in a healthier part of town. As for population and birth control, ruling classes throughout history have always been violently opposed to anything that would curtail the over-abundance of their exploitation fodder, preferring wars as a last resort to keep their charges occupied whenever there was not enough work to go around. Capitalism—be it laissez-faire, corporate, or the state variety—is not going to do anything that will put a dent into its rich profits or let its workers have a better bargaining position.

The big problem of this World of ours is that too few people are running it, and needless to say they are not running it for the benefit of their fellow World inhabitants. The job of saving this World rests in the hands of those who do the labor, and should be taken out of the hands of those who contribute nothing but war and exploitation. It is time for us human beings to realize that the World is too magnificent and vital an entity to be left in the control of those who would use it for their own short-sighted purposes. Those who do the World's labor not only have the potential to own the World, but by all that is logical have the right to!

—CAC

An Injury to One Is an Injury to All • One Union One Label One Enemy

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FORESHADOWING TOMORROW

What you read in the Industrial Worker often describes the world as it will or might be. Learn more about tomorrow.

Attention, Field Correspondents!

The deadline for the October issue of the Industrial Worker will be Monday, September 22. All copy should be in by that date.

—The Editor

Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

official notices

BERKELEY: The Branch Secretary is Robert Rush, 1723 10th Street.

CHICAGO: Branch general membership meetings are now being held on the first Friday of the month at 2422 North Halsted Street. Write to Branch Secretary W. H. Westman.

BUFFALO: Write to IWW Delegate Henry Pfaff, 77 Eckhart Street, Buffalo, New York 14207 or through Peace and Freedom, 507 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14222 (716-884-0426).

DULUTH: Write to IWW Stationary Delegate Patrick J. McMillen, Post Office Box 559 (55801), or phone Pat (727-3154) after 7 p.m. for an appointment.

HOUSTON: Robert (Blackie) Vaughan is Acting Secretary of the Houston I.U. 510 Branch. All communications intended for the Branch should be addressed to him at 7505 Navigation Boulevard (77011).

ITHACA: Stationary Delegate Bill Siebert can be reached at the Glad Day Press, 308 Stewart Avenue (phone 607-273-0535 or 273-1899).

LOS ANGELES: Phone Dorice McDaniels (OR 7-8397) or write to Eugene Nelson, Post Office Box 33463, Los Angeles, California 90033 (213-225-9304).

NEW YORK: For delegate service and information, phone Bill Goring (749-6465).

PHILADELPHIA: Write to Jarama Jahn, Post Office Box 17161 (19105), or phone WA 3-6691

SAN FRANCISCO: See Michael Mack, Branch Secretary, 425 Presidio Avenue. Get involved in the action. Keep informed. It's been done by others.

SEATTLE: The Seattle GRU Branch Office of the IWW is located at 307 Jones Building, 3rd Avenue and Union Street, Seattle, Washington 98101.

VANCOUVER: IWW Stationary Delegate: J. B. McAndrew, 1896 I Avenue, Basement. Education Workers IU 620: 607 Queens Avenue, New Westminster, British Columbia (L. Gambone, Secretary).

WATERLOO: IWW Student-Teacher Branch at University of Waterloo, Ontario, Canada: Cyril Levitt, Secretary, c/o Federation of Students.

YAKIMA: Write to Stationary Delegate, Post Office Box 2205, Yakima, Washington 98902.

LEARN ABOUT THE I.W.W.

The IWW: Its First Fifty Years
cloth cover..... \$3.00
paper cover..... \$2.00
(203 pages, one-third discount on order of five or more)

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Unemployment and Machine \$.10
(40% commission allowed on lots of 10 or more copies)

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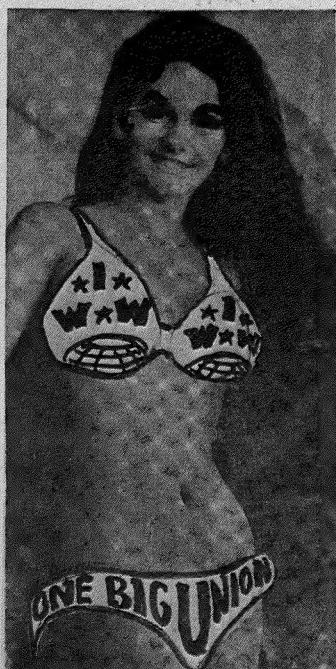
Reader's Soapbox

Fellow Worker Editor:

The article in the August IW on the SDS split deserves to be criticized in several respects. I was there for part of the convention and the impressions I received do not agree with those of your reporter. In the first place, the group that walked out Saturday night was not "supported by virtually everyone who wasn't in the PL orbit". There were many people unsympathetic to PL for various reasons who condemned the walk-out as manipulatory and undemocratic and who felt the people leading the walk-out were simply involved in power politics.

The IW article condemns the split as being "the same kind of shenanigans which brought ruin and despair to so many protest movements of the Thirties", but it does not point out that the PL-WSA opposed the split and wanted to engage in political struggle with the splitters in order to discuss their differences, so that in that process the incorrect ideas could be defeated and the correct ideas could be affirmed. The "regular" SDSers did not wish to do this, though. They went off into the other room and posted guards at the door to make sure that no PL-WSA people got in so that no political struggle could take place, and later announced that they were the "real" SDS and PL was purged. The whole scene was reminiscent of the Socialist Labor Party convention in 1919 from which Wobblies were excluded. To quote Arne Swabeck, an old Wob: "I came to the Chicago convention as one of the regularly - elected delegates from Seattle. Reporting at party headquarters, I quickly learned that all known Left-wing delegates, I among them, were given white cards, while only delegates with red cards were admitted to the convention." I have no doubt that the IWW at that time condemned the actions of the SLP as being undemocratic. Why does it not so condemn the actions of the SDS "regulars" today?

Later on in the article, the author quotes a remark that many young radicals "recoil from historical references. They suspect history and funky old references will impede their momentum..." (Nora Sayre, Progressive, July 1969). This is a strange criticism for a Wob to make. The IWW has gone from strength to weakness. Once greatly feared by the capitalists and respected by many workers, it is almost unknown today. The most



common response by workers I have talked to about the IWW is the question: "Who?" I can only conclude that mistakes have been made. In spite of this, to the best of my knowledge, the IWW has made no attempt to learn from history, but still advocates virtually the same program as in 1905. You still talk about dual unionism while the AFL-CIO has organized circles around you and has organized your base out from under you. You talk about taking over factories and say nothing about dealing with state power or the army when state repression during and after World War I put many of your most effective organizers behind bars and almost bankrupted the OBU by forcing it to spend its money on legal defense. The only program you have that I have heard of that you are really working on is a plan to organize the shops passed over by the AFL-CIO unions. What about the other shops? You can't ever call a general strike if you just control the small shops. When the IWW was strong and it had hundreds of dedicated organizers like Frank Little, Bill Haywood, and Wesley Everett, it could not bring about socialism with the tactics it was using. Now it has the same tactics and a lot fewer organizers, and the outlook is even more bleak.

The IW reporter condemns SDSers for not learning from the sell-outs of communism and for "mouthing moss-backed phrases from the worst of the Old Left, not excluding Stalin himself". The fact is, though, that the communists have displayed an ability to learn from the past. The mistakes and successes of Lenin, Stalin, Khrushchev, Mao, Tito, Castro, et cetera have been studied and criticized. Has the IWW made any study of the reasons why Russian communism degenerated into totalitarianism — or do they always just mouth the easy phrase about how political parties just serve politicians? The Progressive Labor Party feels that it has a rough idea of what went wrong and what went right in the communist movement. Because they are trying to organize the workers, I have been working with them and their "creature", the Worker - Student Alliance. I joined the IWW for the same reason, but I have been coming more and more to the conclusion that the errors made by the communists can be avoided and that PL has a program that avoids many of the old mistakes, while the IWW has not been able to correct the mistakes in its goals and tactics.

If I am wrong in that and the IWW has made a historical analysis and criticism of its past actions, then I am interested in reading it. Also, if it has made any criticism of SDS or PLP other than superficial comments like those in the article on the SDS split, then I am interested in reading those. The Progressive Labor Party published a trade union program in its June issue of PL magazine. Have you read the program? Do you have any comments on it?

Yours for Democratic Socialism Judson Jones

EDITOR'S REPLY: Not having been at the SDS confab myself, I must reply to your criticism as best I can, insofar as the

writer of the article you take exception to is out of town at present. I will point out that he had attended all the sessions, whereas according to your own admission you were there for only part of the convention and most likely did not get as good an overall picture of what transpired. However, as my colleague and yours truly have been in the radical movement for the past quarter-century, it is not with smug satisfaction but with great sadness that we observe the same shenanigans of the Thirties. One has only to look at some of the literature of that day to get the queasy feeling that the ghosts of the Old Lefties have come back to write the scenario for much of the New Left literature today.

As to your contention that we advocate virtually the same program as in 1905, I fear you have been reading some of these old ghost-writers again. I strongly recommend that you read our own history book—"The IWW, Its First Fifty Years"—to get an idea how even a weak organization like us can keep abreast of the times. The fact that the IWW during the First World War had the boots put to it as no other organization or political party has ever had, we believe is ample evidence of what fear Scientific Industrial Unionism throws into the hearts of the capitalist class. The IWW has done much commenting as well as studying as to the reasons why politics and unionism do not mix. The only possible result of such is an endless succession of five-year plans and proletarian dictatorships. You cannot expect anybody in the saddle to voluntarily get off and walk with the hoi polloi even if he was put there by a workers revolution. To bring about a better society for all the workers means to bring about the participation of all the workers with no room for self-appointed messiahs. There are no shortcuts, sad to say, or we would be singing a different song ourselves.

My own attitude as to what transpired at the SDS national convention is that hopefully there will be enough sincere reds who have gotten a nosefull of the old hackneyed shenanigans of the political Left and will seriously consider with which course of action the future of humanity rests. I am only seconding the sentiments of Fellow Worker Vogel, who wrote the article in question.

Yours for the WORKS, CAC

PROPAGANDA

The Advertising Council issue ads just to make you think their way, not to get you to buy something. That's propaganda. Their latest is a very scientific job that tries to explain inflation with piggishness, especially your piggishness. It starts off five questions with this: "Do you demand wages that you know are more than you're earning by the job you do?"

These people put that ad out to be read by those who load and unload the world's goods, who tote them around, who build the skyscrapers, who make the bread and mine the coal, who produce all that the working class consumes and all that the parasites consume, and all that we waste in war, and all that we toss into space, and all that we plow into new industry, and all that gets wasted in doing the silly things the business class gets us to do. They should have just read that question to themselves... quietly!

THE CATASTROPHE OF VICTORY by J. F. McDaniels

This great, big, blundering monster of a nation does not have the will to implement its most open and honorable commitments. At the end of every war, from Revolutionary days to Vietnam, we have proclaimed our intention to seek an enduring peace; but no able-bodied young American has ever been allowed to live out his days without being "invited" to take up arms in some grim military adventure. We talk peace and wage war.

From thirteen ex-British colonies, clinging to the Atlantic Coast at the end of the Revolutionary War, to today's fifty states overflowing a vast continent, we have become a great nation, perhaps the greatest the world has ever known, and also the MIGHTIEST.

We did not reach this lofty position among the nations of the Earth by the practice of peace. In times of crisis, when the choice was peace or war, we chose war.

Ambitious, unprincipled men, high in the councils of government, lead young men into gladiatorial combat with enemies as young and foolish as our own.

The Declaration of Independence asserted the right of all men to equality and freedom, but we denied such rights to BLACK men in America for nearly a century thereafter. We honored that commitment only after a bloody civil war. White Americans concerned with property rights in black men fought that war.

Our affluent governing elite, now sometimes referred to as the Establishment, concerns itself with wealth and power in every war and has made the Yankees feared and hated among the smaller nations of the world.

We take pride in the military power of our country, unmindful of the fall of Rome and other proud empires of the past.

We have made of war such a dangerous trade that we fear the next great world conflict will bring about the end of all human life on earth. It was the Establishment that put this fear into the hearts of all mankind when it dropped the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima in 1945. It is a fear so well-founded that we now dare not win wars with small nations, lest victory bring to the world the catastrophe of nuclear war and oblivion to man on earth. The Korean and Vietnamese affairs would be called draws in ring parlance.

To follow the thought further, there will be no winner in the next big match, it will end in a double knockout. My thought is that the champ has had his day and should be retired.

War is a brutal pastime, and those who now participate in it would do mankind the greatest favor of all time if they refused to answer the next call to arms. Better an end to war than an end to man!



"The columns are doric, the barbed wire and the gun emplacement are 1967" / Pacific Tribune, March 1969

(INTER-OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE)

(This little bit of satire was found tacked up on the bulletin board where one of our reporters works and has subsequently been submitted to your editor for the purpose of passing on a good laugh.)

TO: All Personnel

FROM: Personnel Department

SUBJECT: Early Retirement Problem

As a result of automation as well as a declining workload, Management must of necessity take steps to reduce our workload.

A reduction-in-force plan has been developed which appears to be the most equitable under the circumstances.

Under the plan, older employees will be placed on early retirement, thus permitting the retention of employees who represent the future of the Department.

Therefore, a program to phase out older personnel by the end of the current fiscal year via early retirement will be placed in effect immediately. The program shall be known as RAPE (Retire Aged Personnel Early).

Employees who are RAPED will be given the opportunity to seek other jobs within the Department, provided that while they are being RAPED they request a review of their employment records before actual retirement takes place. This phase of the operation is called SCREW (Survey of Capabilities of Retired Early Workers).

All employees who have been RAPED and SCREWED may also apply for a final review. This will be called SHAFT (Study by Higher Authority Following Termination).

Program policy dictates that employees may be RAPED once and SCREWED twice, but may get the SHAFT as many times as the Department deems appropriate.

A Box Car Odyssey

After Flat Car Whitey looked over the Bensenville (Illinois) yards of the CM&STP early Sunday afternoon, we had a few farewell beers with the General Secretary Treasurer, who subsequently dropped us off at an abandoned railroad bridge close to the yards.

In the droning afternoon we cautiously made our way past the yard office into an empty box car, installed our gear, and checked with a switchman to be sure the train would haul us west. He said the cars would go to Milwaukee and then on to Minneapolis. Going past familiar places on the North Shore was a breeze, and we were King and Queen of the road, waving at the poor unfortunates stalled and waiting in their cars as we sped by.

But we were knocked off our thrones in Milwaukee when the brakeman let us know that our train would be "broken up" (re-classified). He advised us to be on our way before we were switched out and discovered by the yard bull (company fuzz), but he also was kind enough to give us information about the next hot-shot (fast express), the following day for Minneapolis.



After a temporary sojourn in a box car on the storage tracks, we were ready for the ride to Minnie and then to Laurel, Montana.

For the novice, this meant the toughening up of long unused and hitherto unknown muscles in the great reducing salon of the box car. It is no mean feat to sit, stand, or sleep in one for hours on end. The reward comes in the intimate view of the country by day and the sight of the Milky Way by night. The long train (as much as a mile or a mile and a half) travels 60

or 70 miles an hour, rattling and screeching through endless stretches of track. The noise is ear-piercing, but as Flat Car Whitey puts it: "It's quiet compared to the days before the tracks were made of ribbon steel. Now I need someone to stand by and yell 'clickety-clack' so I can get some shut-eye."

A favorite pastime was to scare hell out of the work crews by greeting them as we passed by. After the initial shock we were answered back heartily; often young workers used the clenched-fist salute.

In Laurel we abandoned our powerful steel horses for a few days to rest up and change the pace. It felt good to walk about in a small town, stare at the locals, and have them stare back! Then back again to another hot-shot west. Again we consumed our bread, peanut butter, jam, and sardines; drank water; and longed for some cold beer. The ride lasted as far as Spokane. The high point was the Continental Divide, 5580 feet, and as the engine climbed up the mountains you could look back and see the caboose in the

THE SPLIT IN THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY

The current wave of rebellion is breaking into the most bureaucratic and most backward of institutions. The Democratic Party, the Catholic Church, and now even the Socialist Labor Party are being challenged from within.

Not that there are a great many people, outside the immediate circle of party members and sympathizers, who take much interest in what goes on inside the SLP. But this group has a certain importance. It is the only socialist group whose propaganda is even vaguely familiar to people outside the radical movement—because it is the only socialist group of any size that tries to broadcast its message to ordinary people rather than concentrating on the radical intellectual in-group. It is the only Leftist political party, outside the almost-extinct Socialist Party, whose ideas grew up on American soil, rather than being imported from Moscow, Peking, or Berlin.

The SLP participated in the founding of the IWW; and, though it split away many years ago and has spent all those years venomously denouncing our organization, still its program is closer to ours than is that of any other political group. So this is a bunch of people who, though

they have made themselves obnoxious on occasion, are still worth paying some attention to.

For the past three years the SLP has been expelling people. Other SLP members have been resigning. These expellees and dropouts are not exactly an organized faction; the party has, up till now, effectively kept them isolated from each other. Unlike the Republican Party, the Democratic Party, and most other political parties, the SLP does not permit its members to form a caucus or faction for even the most innocent of purposes.

Anyone who tries it is immediately expelled as a "disrupter". So these dissidents are not a unified body. But they do have common complaints and common attitudes on many issues.

They deplore, naturally, the lack of democracy inside the SLP. They oppose the SLP's policy of attacking the New Left, the black movement, etcetera as being impure, vile, and anarchistic. On the whole, however, they are still faithful to the main tenets of the SLP program—which holds that Industrial Unionism is the means to take control of industry, but that a socialist political party is also needed for a successful revolution. The dissidents want to keep

this basic platform, but want to drop the bitter sectarianism that has been a part of it up till now.

The dissidents' most notable personality is Eric Hass, who, as the editor of the SLP newspaper, the Weekly People, was the second biggest man in the party up till last year. Now that he has resigned from the party, many of the SLP expellees look to him for leadership. Whether he will be able to effectively break with attitudes that he lived with for over 40 years remains to be seen. But it would be unfair to label the whole group of dissidents as "Hassites". Many of them have had little if any direct contact with Hass—or with anyone else outside of the particular section of the SLP that they happen to have been thrown out of.

They are forming a series of local groups in Los Angeles, Palo Alto, Philadelphia, New York, and probably a couple of other places where expulsions have just taken place or are in the offing. They are making up for their previous lack of contact with one another by issuing a variety of publications, declarations, and statements of purpose. The most recent of these is the Socialist Forum, published by the Socialist Committee of Correspondence (the local

group in New York to which Eric Hass belongs), which contains information and notices on the other local groups. So if you want to find out more about the whole dissidence, you can write for a copy of this bulletin to: SCC, GPO Box 1948, New York, New York 10001.

The one statement of purpose any of these groups has put out so far which is addressed to a non-SLP audience is entitled "Society in Crisis" and is available from the Socialist League for Industrial Government, PO Box 103, Menlo Park, California.

It is characteristic that each of the local groups has adopted a different name. They look forward to forming a loose confederation of local groups which, they hope, will grow into a larger body which, presumably, will ultimately form a revolutionary party. But they are making a sincere effort to enter a genuine dialogue with the rest of the radical movement. I think that the people who read the Industrial Worker should respond in kind by looking over their publications, and, in the places where they have local groups, arranging to have a personal conversation with them.

— Ed Jahn

valley.

At Spokane we learned that our box car was being set out, so we transferred our gear to another empty and rode out with a new crew. The earlier ride was a breeze, but it soon turned out to be a hurricane. Whitey swears that the engineer must have been a retired jet pilot. He should have furnished seat belts for the trip! As Whitey puts it: "We were snatched out of the yard and our train never hit the rails again until we reached Pasco!"

We stayed overnight in Pasco and caught a freight to Yakima the next afternoon. On this ride were four students, two boys and two girls, from the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee who joined us. Before changing trains at Pasco they had been traveling in a boxcar for 35 hours (from Dickinson, North Dakota) with no water and very little food. It is only 90 miles from Pasco to Yakima, but we had a chance to talk about the IWW and may have possible converts to our way of thinking. We stepped out of the box car just a short distance from the Yakima station.

After a day or so we found we were none the worse for our 2,157-mile trip, and we calculated we had saved \$125—which is the going rate via the cushions from Chicago to Yakima. While conformists continue to follow their daily toil in the great cesspools, enterprising hobos, tramps, and migratory workers can travel as the guest of the nation's lifeline.

We are now grounded and ready to harvest the hops.

— Box Car Ruthie
and
Flat Car Whitey

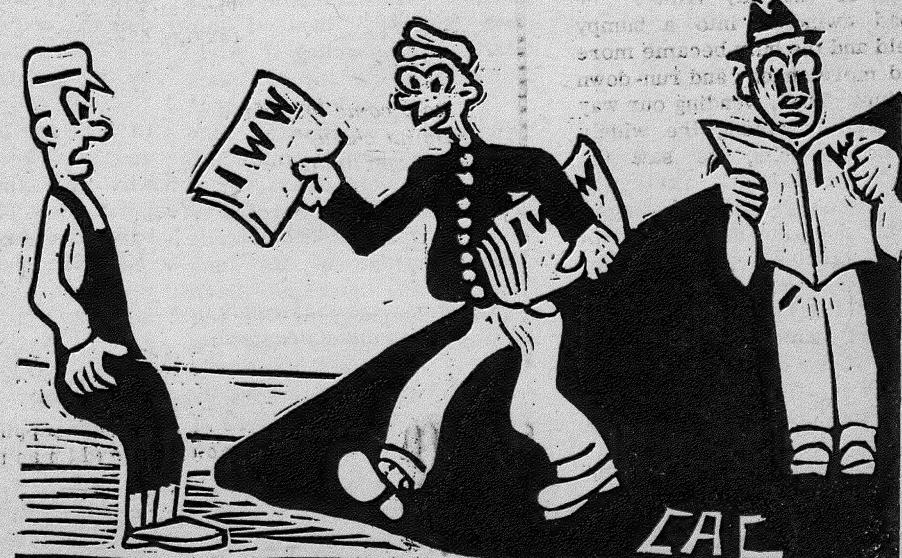
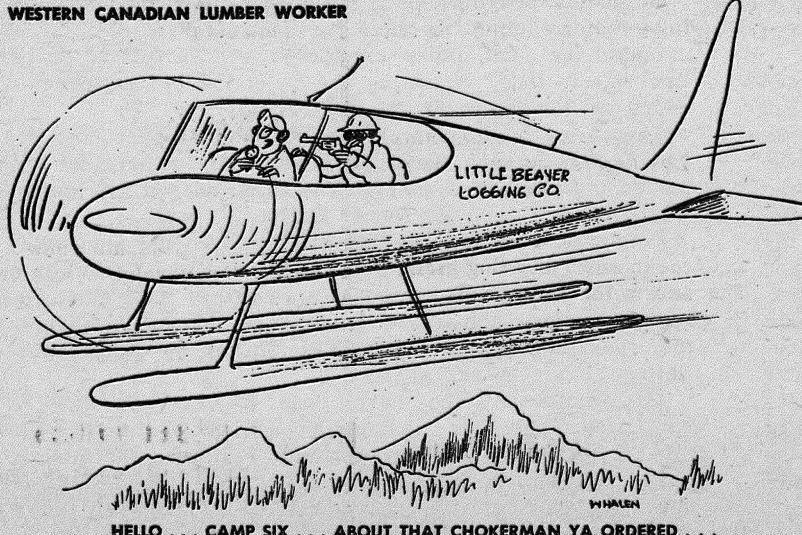
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INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

2422 North Halsted Street
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WESTERN CANADIAN LUMBER WORKER



"Hear the Wind"

When Mexicans who have lived in the United States return to Mexico to visit their families, they often go all over the country visiting various relatives, and taking groups of relatives to visit other groups of relatives, and it sometimes develops into a regular caravan.

That's the way it was in the spring of this year, when the mother of my Mexican American wife, Elvira, drove down from the States in a big blue-and-white Mercury to visit her various cousins and aunts and in-laws. She picked us up where we were vacationing near Guadalajara and took us with her over a good part of Mexico.

One hot day in late March we started out for a little town about 80 miles west of Guadalajara called Ameca, where some in-laws of my wife's mother lived. With the relatives who had joined the "caravan" so far, there were 10 people in the car. Also there were several baskets of fruits and vegetables for the people in Ameca, plus a small squealing pig which kept trying to get out of its cardboard box and which was causing general havoc in the back seat of the speeding automobile.

Ameca is a town which is more or less off the beaten track, and as we approached it through a wide, flat valley that slanted down toward the Pacific, the terrain began to take on a somewhat barren, primitive look. The wind began to blow, carrying clouds of dust along the highway; the nearby hills looked craggy and desolate; and I suddenly had the disturbing impression that we were headed toward the edge of the world, a hopeless land of no return.

About two miles outside of Ameca we turned off the highway to enter a tiny village called Esperanza where some distant cousins lived. I thought of the meaning of that word: Esperanza: Hope. Why in the world did they ever call it that? I wondered, as we bumped along over a dusty unpaved road that was scarcely more than a burro trail. For of all the places I had been in Mexico, this was undoubtedly the most depressing and downtrodden village I had ever seen. The tiny adobe huts were crumbling, the few staring inhabitants looked ill-fed and poorly-dressed, and there was dust everywhere—even on the leaves of the scraggly trees and bushes. There is a point at which "picturesque" begins to seem like a nasty word. Off in this desolate, windy corner of the universe, it was almost impossible to believe that Los Angeles and Mexico City were only a few hours away by air.

As we approached the far side of the tiny village, the road dwindled into a bumpy field and the huts became more and more shabby and run-down looking. Then, wending our way uncertainly among the widely spaced shacks, we saw the first sign of any real life: A small pig was chasing a grimy dog round and round in dusty circles, while several children watched indolently. But in this setting even this seemed somehow depressing, as if it were a reminder that life is an unending battle between different classes of being.

Then we were pulling up before an adobe hut not much wider than our automobile was long, with a dirt floor and tiny slits for windows. A gracious

but tired-looking woman who appeared to be in her late 30s came to the door with two small children and invited us in, looking at the car with a gaze of dazzled disbelief. As we entered the small dark room that served as a parlor, she apologized for the poverty of her home, and accepted the small pig and the other gifts that my mother-in-law had brought for her with an embarrassed gratitude.

As we sat on the crude chairs exchanging amenities, and the wind howled outside, I noticed the small crucifix hanging over the door which was the only sign of brightness in the room. I thought again of the name of this desolate little corner of the world—Esperanza: Hope. Like most things, I supposed, hope came to mind most often when there wasn't any. I thought of a dreary little town in the United States with the same name where I had once almost frozen to death in a snowstorm. And I realized that to many people it was the most important, most outstanding thing in life.

As I was musing thus, and striving with my rather poor Spanish to understand the conversation going on about me, I became half aware of a small, shuffling figure coming slowly up the little hill outside

the door. It was an overalled boy about three years of age, and without looking at him directly I had the impression that he was lame.

Then the small figure came unsteadily to the doorway and entered. He looked chubby and cute in the dim light, and I thought with amusement that he had come up to see what all the excitement was. There was a hush in the conversation as he entered the room and groped for our hostess's knee, and a benevolent, rather awed look came upon the woman's face.

"This is Jorge," she said. "The son of our neighbors. He was born blind."

I squinted through the dim light, and then I saw for the first time the vacant, mucousy slits with nothing behind them, and felt a little shiver of horror. I looked across at my wife and could see that she was thinking the same thing I was; and then we both looked at our own eight-month-old daughter, smiling and happy in the dim room.

"Ven aqui, Jorge," said a pleasant 12-year-old girl at the opposite end of the room. She had a rather happy, other worldly look on her face, as if witnessing a miracle.

A smile came over the blind boy's face, and he turned

from the older woman and began to shuffle slowly across the dirt floor toward the voice of the girl. Every few moments he would hesitate uncertainly, and the girl would repeat "Ven aqui," and he would smile again and resume his uneven progress across the dark room.

Finally he reached the knees of the seated girl and smiled a smile of triumph. The girl caressed his head tenderly, smiling down at him. For a moment no one said anything. Outside the trees rustled in the breeze.

"Oye el aire," the little blind boy said. "Hear the wind."

The excited wonder of those words moved me deeply, and I was scarcely surprised to see a look of real pleasure on the faces of the 12-year-old girl and the older woman. Watching the smiling face of the blind boy, I wondered if he yet knew the awful limit of his knowledge...if he would ever know.

We sat conversing for a few minutes more, while the blind boy stood silently by, the same gentle smile on his face; and then we all went out to the car and prepared to go on to Ameca. The little blind boy came shuffling out after us, holding the 12-year-old girl's hand. He walked right up to the side of the car and stood fondling it curiously.

"What color is it?" asked one of the other young children who had gathered about the automobile for our departure.

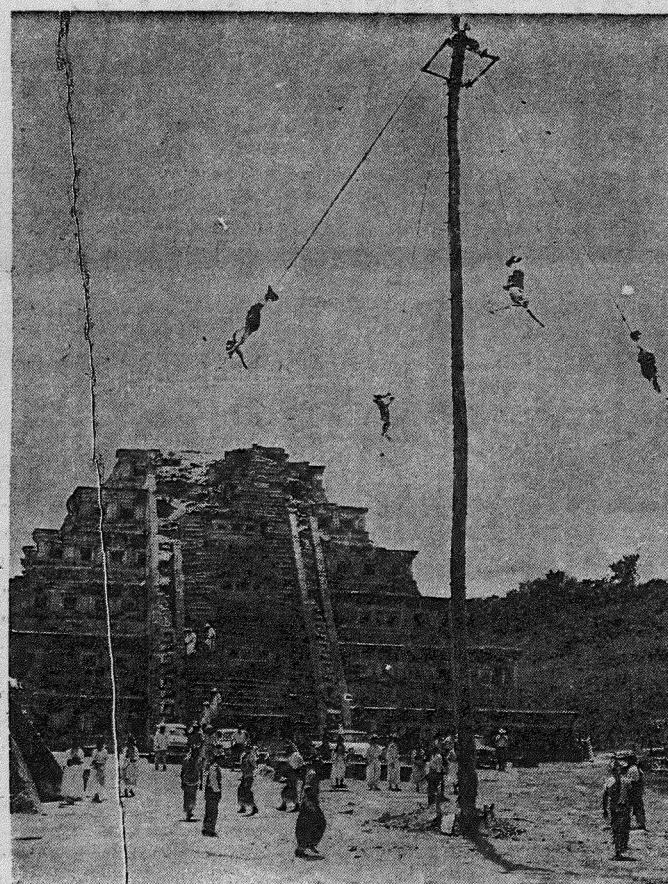
Jorge put his hand on the big blue-and-white fender.

"Amarillo" ("Yellow") he said. The other children laughed tenderly.

Yellow, I thought, sitting in the back seat of the car. I had never realized what a lovely color that was. At that moment a cloud of dust blew against the side of the car, and knowing the blind boy would never know the terrible hopelessness of that terrain, I thought: Perhaps if there's a God, he knows what he's doing after all. To Jorge perhaps everything would always be yellow or red or green—any color he chose to make it.

But still, as we drove up out of there, and the wind blew at our backs, I looked down at my chubby, healthy daughter on the seat beside me and pressed my wife's hand tightly.

—Gene Nelson
(Jalisco, 1959)



CINCO HAIKU CHICANO

*Ya vamos a comer elotes.
Tocan huapango
Los grillos.*

Now we shall eat
Corn on the cob.
The crickets are
Playing huapango.

*Rojo come los labios
De mi chata,
Ya son los chiles.*

Like the lips of my sweetie,
Yes,
That is how red now
The peppers are.

*Cantan alegre las ranas!
Ya el Verano es barbudo.*

The frogs
Are singing their happiness song!
Summer is an old man now.

*Órale, chapulin,
Cantame mas
Y deja mi lecunga!*

Hey, grasshopper,
Sing to me some more
And stay out of my lettuce patch!

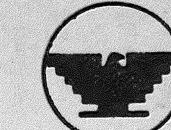


*Como pechos de jovencitas,
Los frijoles en sus vainas.*

Like the breasts of young girls,
That is how the pinto beans
Bulge in their pods.

— Carlos Cortez

(These poems appeared originally in Transient Press, Canton, Missouri.)



BOYCOTT GRAPES



LOUIS MOREAU

Word has reached us of the passing of Louis "Frenchy" Moreau over a month ago in Lone Pine, California. In his early years Frenchy had been an active organizer along the Coast and had known Joe Hill when Joe was just another Swede kid on the Seattle docks.

All too few of these old fighters leave their memories in black and white, but fortunately a couple of years ago Frenchy answered some questions about Joe Hill and how he came to write the Fraser River Song. He wrote that back in 1912 St. John had urged Joe to go up to British Columbia to help Tom Whitehead, J. S. Biscay, and others organize the workers who were building the Canadian National through that province, and he has left us a detailed account of some of his strike experiences there. Frenchy's account incidentally mentions other songs that Joe Hill wrote in the strike camps around Yale, Lytton, Spizum, and other such places — like "Skookum Ryan The Walking Boss" and "We Won't Build No More Railroads For Overalls and Snuff".

Even in his retirement years Frenchy was not one to lay around and warm his tootsies. A few years ago he stopped guiding people on climbing tours up the slopes of Mount Whitney, but he still scouted the countryside collecting rock specimens. The fact that today workers are working for more than "overalls and snuff" is only another memento to Frenchy Moreau and hundreds of other scrappers like him.

What Do We Aim To Do?

If you want to know what we aim to do, the fullest answer is given in the 128-page book by Justus Ebert:

The I.W.W. in Theory and Practice

This is the fifth revised edition of a classic of the labor movement. It was prepared in 1937, and we have it available now at token price of 25 cents a copy, with a 40 per cent discount on orders for 10 or more.

Order from I.W.W. 2422 N. Halsted, Chicago 14.

Other Reasons

Bruce Taylor reports that in his reading about Africa he has discovered that the savage tribes pay no taxes. This, he says, makes him wonder what they have to be savage about. —Charleston Gazette.

PROMISES

"Despite all the talk of land reform, Mexico has more landless peasants now than when the revolution was fought in 1910." — an American economist quoted in Business Week July 12, 1969

REBEL VOICES

Paperbound copies of Joyce Kornbluh's "Rebel Voices: An IWW Anthology" may be had from headquarters at \$4.95 each.

Torture In The Fort Dix Stockade

published by the
Workers Defense League

The following letter was sent to the Workers Defense League by Carlos Rodriguez, who is currently in segregation in the Fort Dix, New Jersey stockade. He has asked us to send this on to you in the hope that his story will be published for the American people to read.

We believe that after reading this letter you will agree that the conditions in that stockade as described by Carlos must be exposed. We at the Workers Defense League have received many other letters confirming nearly all of what Carlos says in his letter; and our lawyers, who are representing many of the men now being held in the stockade, have been told the same story by other prisoners:

The story I tell you in this letter is 100% fact. I may be court-martialed like many others, and it is so important that my story pierce the ears of the people in the world outside the stockade. Chances are that when you read this I will be taken to court, but that is beside the point as long as you discover and can see what the Army is really like.

In this testimony I will talk mostly about the Military Police Company working in the stockade. Those most involved are the 532nd and the 759th; but the 532nd are, in my opinion, the worst. I think that these MPs, with a few exceptions, must be psychopathic. Certainly their anti-social and immoral conduct would indicate something like that, for they are sadists.

If you think that torture is no longer used, you are wrong. The Army has devised these leather belts, which they call straps. Straps are put on your wrists with your wrists twisted behind your back as far as they can go and tied to your ankles, and you lie with all your weight on your stomach on the wooden bunk, because in that position your chest can't even touch the ground.

With this in mind, let me give you a few cases. I was in Mental Hygiene when I looked out the window and saw this prisoner being taken into

segregation. He was being hit on top of the head when all of a sudden he let one go and landed on this Sergeant Branhoover's face. (Sergeant Branhoover is a lifer.) Then they really put it to him. The word from Major Casey was: "Drop him."

As I went then to my cell I saw big bruisers go in his cell, and they followed Major Casey's orders with enthusiasm. He was in the straps about five or six hours. He was laid on a bunch of boards about eight inches off the ground, and — every 30 minutes or so he was picked up and let fall, hitting his head and abdomen, each time from higher up. As a result the man was unable to use his legs without support, his face was bashed up, and he couldn't use his arms. He was in extreme pain in every muscle, bone, and pore of his body. How long he endured this completely useless and unbearable pain I don't really know.

Another prisoner's name is Johnny Sanchez, and he has been to Vietnam and risked his life fighting communism and all the noble reasons the government produces. The man went through many hardships, as anyone who has been to Vietnam knows. When he finally came stateside, the man was a complete nervous wreck. I could go on and talk about the price Johnny Sanchez paid for that war and got nothing out of it but becoming a nervous wreck, and I could talk about who is getting the profit from the war; but most people know that now—or they should.

Anyway, Sanchez was beaten up by four guards and taken to the barber shop, and all his hair was cut in front of every single eye in the stockade.

I think the Army was afraid of a protest against the treatment and conditions in the stockade, and they were making Johnny Sanchez an example of what they could do to anyone who objected or protested. They were saying that if anyone got out of hand they would get what Johnny got. And by getting out of hand they meant being at the right place at the wrong time — a smile when it's not supposed to be there.

Jones, which is his real name, was told by one guard in control: "Don't smile." A few minutes later a smile came upon his lips, and all of a sudden four guards, as if anticipating his smile, came from everywhere and pounced on this man as never before. When the officers saw what was happening they did nothing but pass on by. When they sent him to the hospital, his face—I mean what I'm saying—his face was hardly visible alongside the bumps and blood. The report when he was taken to the hospital was "Necessary Force Needed and Used."

The next thing I tell you is absolutely true, and I can use the person's name, because it was me, Carlos Rodriguez. I have nothing to hide, and here it goes: I've been in segregation now about 35 days. If you don't count the few hours I spent outside on June 5, then I've been here 50 days on this Bum Tip charge.

On July 8 I was told to move from Cell Block 77 to Cell Block 85. After some hassle about a foot locker, a gung-ho PFC Cleland threw my clothes on the floor. I then refused to move until someone picked up my clothes and put them back where they belonged. Then Sergeant Himan called me a punk because he needed all

those other guards to back him up. At this time Sp/4 Miller tried to beat me on my back, but I noticed him coming and put it toward the wall. Then Sergeant Himan put his hands on me and I tried to protect myself. Sp/4 Miller started punching. Next thing I know, all six are trying to put me down.

Blows on my head, punches all over, but I cover my face. Between all of them they get me down and tie my hands behind my back and begin to put on pressure. More punches on my back, sides, and head, and the next thing I know Sergeant Himan, to prove he is the man he isn't, puts my head on the floor, left side up, and leaves an imprint of his boot and a bump on the other side. They kicked me in the back of the head and put a foot on the back of my neck and applied pressure. All this after they had put my hands behind me and tied them and I was completely subdued. Was it "Necessary?" No.

They later started walking me back and tried to throw me against the edge of a building, but missed. When coming into my cell, they punched me and another prisoner saw them. They tried to put me against the bars of my door, but I side-stepped. For that I got another imprint on my left side.

So, as you can see, where my story is also leading, I'm talking about Military Police Brutality. Most likely, if you have any insight, you'll see why these people Re-Up. Simply because of their inferiority complex that they cannot compete with people on the outside. And really they can't, because they'd be by themselves—and just the thought makes them shudder.

Union Odds And Ends

Them revenoers are really meanies. When the hands at J. P. Stevens got a million in back pay for getting fired five years ago for joining the Textile Workers, the Internal Revenue Service considered the checks compensating them for five years of blacklisting as income in this year alone, and took great big chunks for Uncle, who like as not slips it to the Pentagon to pay over to Southern textile manufacturers who disobey Federal laws.

During those five years they couldn't get jobs in the textile industry, and so they worked elsewhere. The biggest check — \$27,912 — was to Mrs. Fendly and included back pay for her husband who died waiting for some justice. Those returning, even with nice big checks, report that far too many at work are still afraid, in the face of such delayed justice, to join the Union.

* * * * *

White collar unionism expands in "professional" fields. In July 1,410 engineers at Sperry Gyroscope voted in NLRB elections to join IUE's Professional, Technical, and Salaried Division. Last December IUE won over 750 engineers at Western Electric Kearny plant. The largest engineering professional union unit is the 13,500 in the Boeing Independent Scientific, Professional, and Engineering Employees Association. The American Federation of Technicians and Engineers

has about 12,000 members. You can't separate the work of head and hand. Ever try to dig a ditch without your head or play with a slide rule without your hands?

* * * * *

The Steelworker strike in Sudbury against INCO shuts off 40% of the nickel supply for the free-enterprise world, which also gets about 250,000,000 pounds a year from Russia. INCO closed for the duration, not hiring any scabs at Sudbury.

* * * * *

Wegenberg Shoe Company of Milwaukee is building a factory in Ireland and plans to bring all Irish production here. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers in August started picketing at Marshall Field stores, asking the public not to buy suits from Hong Kong. Workers of the world unite—it should make for better collective bargaining.

* * * * *

Of the UMWA's 185,000 members, 70,000 are now on pension. UMWA puts \$70,000,000 of the \$169,000,000 in its pension fund into a no-interest checking account at the National Bank of Washington, of which UMWA owns 75%. This is a generous gift of over half a million from the pensioners to the bank in these days of an easy 6% on sizeable loans.

those other guards to back him up. At this time Sp/4 Miller tried to beat me on my back, but I noticed him coming and put it toward the wall. Then Sergeant Himan put his hands on me and I tried to protect myself. Sp/4 Miller started punching. Next thing I know, all six are trying to put me down.

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The Youth To The Fore

सच कह दूँ ऐ ब्रह्मन, गर तु डुरा न माने।
तेरे सनमकदोके डुत हो गये पुराने॥
अपनोसे वेर रडवा दले भुजोसे सीखा।
जंगोजदल सिलाया वाहजकोपी छुदाने॥
तंग आके मैने आखिर दैरो हरमको छोडा।
वाहजका वाज छोडा छोडे तेरे फसाने॥
पश्चरका भूतोमे समाना है तु डुरा है।
साके वतनका सुलको हर जरा देवता है॥

—महमद इकबाल

News Agents Wanted

The Industrial Worker is in need of added news agents and news boys to sell the publication with other IWW literature.

The Industrial Worker sells for 10c a copy and the commission to the agents or news boys is 5c per copy. The commission on song books and other literature is 40 per cent.

Anyone interested in the offer please communicate with "Industrial Worker, 2422 No. Halsted Street, Chicago 14, Illinois."

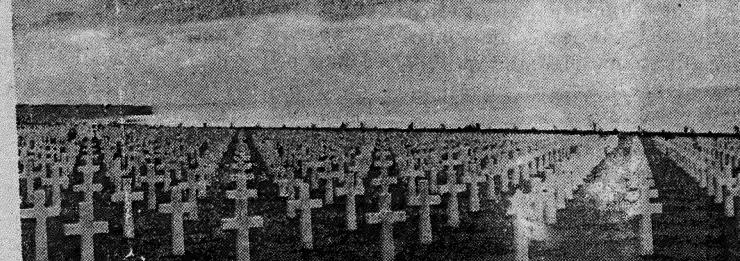
W. H. Westman,
Business Manager

Labor
produces
all wealth



all wealth
must go
to Labor

"Draftees of the World: Unite!
You have nothing to lose
But your Generals!"



TRIBUNE, JUNE 20, 1969

WATUSI GIRL

Loose limbed and lithely poised
her natural animality takes on the roving eye.
Casual labour mind you—
no long-term solution to unemployment;
but momentarily the unrehearsed eye
discovers its own innocence
and serves notice on the mind.
"Mere anarchy" you say?
But watching the Watusi girl
the eye assumes immortality
and mere open-mindedness discovers
its mundane progress. She shoulders
concealed in ebony darkness, and smiles
recalling the sun.

DAVID KUHRT

Get It Straight

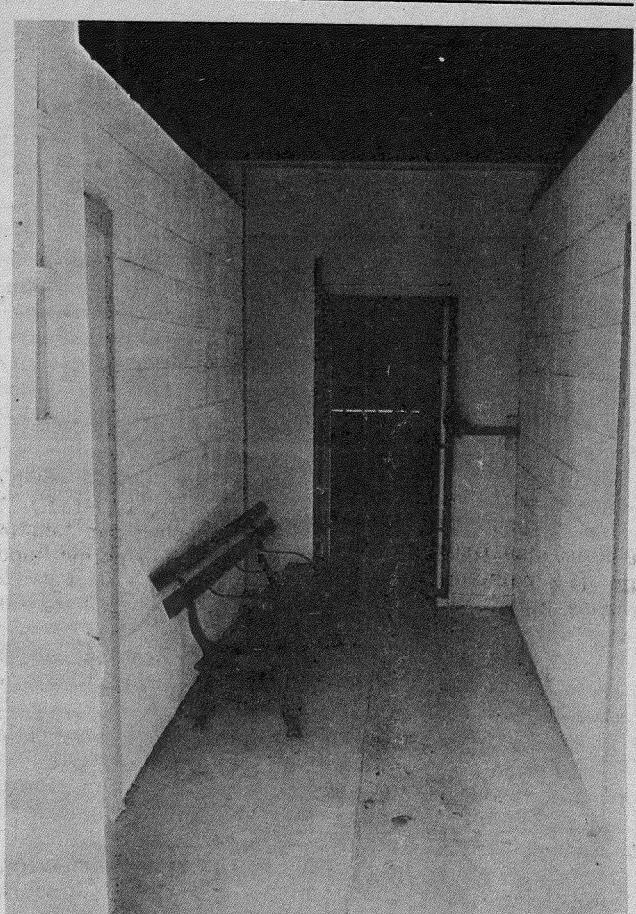
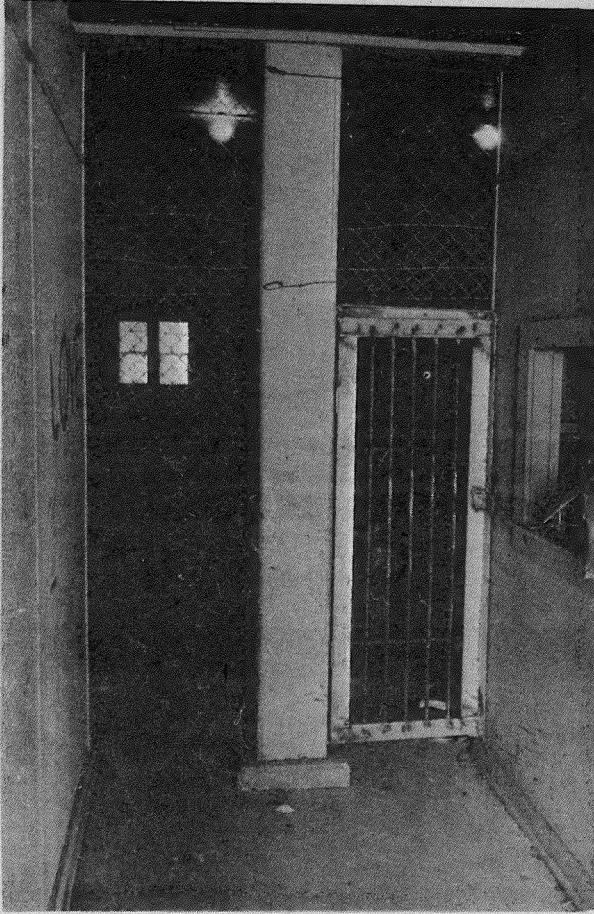
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Don't miss this account of the Wobblies through the stirring years from 1905 to 1955.

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REBEL VOICES

Paperbound copies of Joyce Kornbluh's "Rebel Voices: An IWW Anthology" may be had from headquarters at \$4.95 each.



Fellow Workers:

I thought you might be interested in what may be in store for those who take part in "civil disturbances" within the next few years. Enclosed are some photos I took of Ithaca's new detention center. The same thing can be built for almost no money anywhere in the country. The iron-bar doors are made from welded concrete re-inforcing rods, and the building is an old abandoned storehouse in a city park. They were in such

a hurry to build it that they closed off park-maintenance equipment behind a chain-link fence so they couldn't get it out without tearing down the prison compound. While the building has toilets and running water, the fenced-off area does not have access to either. The place even has its own power plant in case someone cuts the power line when the place is "in use"

Yours for the OBU,

Bill Siebert (IU-450)

THE BLACK ROBES OF VENGEANCE

"Today we destroy draft records at this induction center because we recognize that their continued existence implicates us in the creation of several hundred killers and innumerable deaths. We destroy draft records because we wish to make a statement clear and precise, to the extent of our talents and strengths, that we shall continue to carry on non-violent resistance to the government, which by the path it has chosen has come to identify itself with calculated destruction of human life. We destroy draft records because we realize that until the primacy of human life, and not property, is understood and accepted, man stands in constant and probable danger of self-destruction."

So read, in part, the joint statement of Tod Friend, Walk Skinner, and Bob Siegal when they made their daring raid on the Los Angeles induction center. At a little after 6 a.m. on May 20, Siegal entered the center through the front door, proceeded to a clerk's desk, and grabbed a basket containing a few files. As he ran with the basket toward the rear exit he tripped and fell. Whether his accident was unpremeditated or contrived is unknown. While two clerks were busy grabbing Siegal, Skinner and Friend slipped through the rear entrance and darted out with two baskets of files containing the names of 221 men scheduled for medical processing that week. Returning to their truck, they hastily drove to a parking lot around the corner, where they poured napalm on the files. Skinner's shirt suddenly caught on fire, but Friend and an unidentified second man threw him to the ground and quickly put out the flames. By this time an induction clerk was unsuccessfully trying to extinguish the fire destroying his precious paper work.

Skinner, Friend, and Siegal, all scheduled to be sentenced the following week (they received three years each),

spent the rest of their day in jail under \$3500 bail apiece. On August 1 they were sentenced to an additional three years for destroying draft files.

* * * * *

Stanley Kohls, national executive board member and local secretary of the War Resisters League, had been anticipating arrest for over a year. But he was somewhat dismayed, upon leaving his job of teaching third-grade Negro children in Southeast Los Angeles, to be hailed in familiar fashion by an arresting marshal.

Stan, following the tradition of old Wobblies, demanded a jury trial but refused the services of an attorney. He explained that such an intermediary was a mere cog in the legal machinery with which he refused to co-operate. Justice was not served, Stan insisted. He therefore demanded the right to argue his own case.

"You must confine your defense to statements as to whether you did or did not obey the Selective Service law," intoned Judge Curtis at Stan's arraignment. "You will be given no opportunity in my court to expound upon the philosophy which led you to break this law."

"I shall insist upon my legal, constitutional right to fully explain my position as a conscientious objector," Stan retorted.

Stan's trial in July brought forth about 50 Friends of the Resistance, most of whom were uninhibited young rebels. During the course of six or seven years as a very energetic draft counselor, Stan had dilated upon the legal rights and pacifist alternatives to these and countless other young men, and it was to them, rather than to Judge Curtis, that he was addressing most of his remarks.

Stan had exhausted several non-military alternatives, and

in March 1968 he wrote to his draft board, in part: "I am henceforth refusing to co-operate with the draft law in any way. I shall no longer carry my draft card. I shall not submit to any physical examination. I shall not seek further alternatives to military service. I shall refuse to acknowledge your right to order young men to murder their fellow human beings."

Great gasps of approbation from the audience when the prosecuting attorney read this damning statement. "Silence in the courtroom," thundered Judge Curtis.

Stan stood accused of two counts of draft violation. On August 13, 1968, he had responded to a summons to the induction center, but refused to submit to his physical. On November 5 he had failed to appear for induction as ordered. Instead, he sent a letter to the induction clerk. "I shall be having a party in front of the center. I cordially invite you to attend." (That was the day Stan joined a renegade priest, who refused to accept occupational deferment, in a huge demonstration.)

Laughter from the audience. "If there are any further demonstrations of emotion," intoned Judge Curtis, "I shall order the courtroom cleared."

Stan was having trouble in distinguishing between "admissible evidence" and "argument". His citing of the Nuremberg trials in support of his stand of conscience was gruffly rapped down. To state his case in a more acceptable manner, Stan insisted that a time-honored judicial procedure was to test a law in court by deliberately breaking it, and then explained: "The kind of compromise I was called upon to make in order to fit into the Selective Service System just didn't fit into my system of beliefs. This simply is not an open-and-shut proposition of whether I refused induction. The matter of intent, of motivation in my refusal, must also stand trial."

"This court is not entertaining judgments of personal motive or of immorality of war in general or the Vietnam War in particular," interrupted the judge. "If you can't stick to the facts of your case, I shall not stop with ruling you out of order. I shall declare you in contempt."

"Very well. I shall endeavor to confine myself to the facts." (Audible sigh of resignation. After all, Stan had succeeded in reaching his sympathetic audience.)

But soon Stan had launched once more into the forbidden area of social values:

"Commitment to people is the major issue in establishing conscientious objection to war, not the unthinking dedication to this or that national system of capitalism, communism, or some mixed economy.... If the simple fact of whether I did or did not co-operate with the machinery of the draft were the only basis of my guilt or innocence, there would be no necessity for a trial. For of course I didn't go through certain prescribed motions required of me."

Stanley Kohls pleaded innocent, but his fluent defense failed to convince the jury. The usual time spent in deliberation of draft cases is less than 20 minutes; but 35 minutes elapsed before the jury trooped back into the courtroom, puffed with pride in civic virtue, and rendered its verdict: GUILTY!

On August 4 Stan, attired in a business suit, clean-shaven but bushy-haired, appeared for sentencing.

"In arriving at a decision on your sentence," intoned Judge Curtis, "I bore in mind that not only on two separate occasions had you willfully broken the Selective Service law yourself, but you had also taken great pains, over a period of several years, to counsel, aid, and abet others to disobey this law. I therefore sentence you to five years on each count, both sentences to

run concurrently.

"I grant your appeal for a stay of sentence for a period of nine months during which you may set your business in order. If during this period I observe that you have ceased and desisted from counseling others to break the law, I shall almost certainly consider a reduction of your sentence."

Stan's mother confronted the young reprobate in the lobby. "Now will you keep quiet for awhile with your counseling?"

Stan's reaction was typical. "Now, Mother, you know by this time you can't shut me up. I feel honored to get five years."

Stan is taking only one month to settle his affairs. After all, his teaching job is gone, he is impatient to finish his term, and he cherishes no expectation of mitigating his sentence during his stay of execution.

By permitting Stan's counseling activities to influence him in meting out a stiff sentence, by dangling a carrot before his nose for refraining from a lawful though unpopular activity, Judge Curtis betrayed vindictiveness and lack of legal perception. Were draft counseling indeed illegal, no doubt Curtis would have seen fit to impose a separate sentence for that crime alone.

"I never counsel a man to take any particular course," Stan has insisted. "I offer many alternatives. After all, every draftee must be permitted the right to decide for himself the way he wants to live his life."

Stan is counting upon reducing his sentence to three and a half years through good behavior. Your reporter has doubts about that.

"I used to have a problem punishing that boy for his mischief," his mother admits. "If I deprived him of one pleasure, he was always sure to find some other way of amusing himself."

— Dorice McDaniels